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# MUSICAL CHUNKEL'S REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. VII.

AUGUST, 1884.

No. 8.

## THE DEAF BEETHOVEN.

He sits like Memnon, turned to stone,  
Yet breathing notes of glory—  
And when he speaks, it is a tone,  
Sweet as the swan's last story!

He can not feel the mighty thrill  
That seizes us at the grand  
Theater, or the power of will  
The world to rapture lifting.

He can not taste the glowing cup  
His hand on the piano; that  
He loves with those who rise up  
On which his soul is soaring.

Strange Providence, to crown us all  
And leave the living banehead!  
To him the dead are still, all calm,  
And he to silence wedded!

Yet it is thus, and ever thus—  
The story is in giving,  
The secret is in keeping, a deathless joy  
That agonized while living.

Gigantic architect of sound,  
Sundering the clouds of mortal,  
Him closed these ears to all around,  
And oped to them its portal.

—JULIA R. ARAGONIS IN "VISIT."

## MATERNA vs. NILSSON.

**C**HIS is the delightful period of the year, says *Friend's Weekly*, when the foreign birds of passage, lyric and dramatic, who, although they love America, have been here but a short time, as soon as the salaried season closes. The ubiquitous reporter is at hand to see them off, and record their "limnings" in the cities, that they may be known. One of these Belgian actress, named Rhea, had the effrontry to declare that it was necessary for her to leave this country to take a "habit of civilization"; it is, however, the opinion of two lyric critics concerning the musical taste of the American people that just now challenges attention.

Just before leaving the land of dollars for the land of art, Nilsson and Materna expressed themselves concerning the relative popularity of the schools of music wch they respectively represent, and in each case, the wish was fastened to the thought that the opera wch was given for Germans. With an Italian opera company you have a great *prima donna*, and perhaps a great tenor, an indifferent company, poor scenes, and poor costumes. In this case, art rivals alike, the scene is wonderful in its beauty and mechanical effects and the costumes are carefully and artistically designed. The people of America are waiting for high-class German opera, and when it comes, it will come from America, and not from Germany.

Materna may be right, what she says, but it is doubtful if her faith is sufficiently strong to induce her to take any risk in a venture to put it to a practical test, in order to find out just how much the American people are aching for high-class German opera. No, we Americans are not so servile as to dispose for that purpose, if a good round salary is guaranteed; but whoever provides the money will have nothing to show for it at the end of the

season but the experience of all who have ever tempted fate in the same direction. Nilsson, instead of reading the faces of the audiences, took the broad view of the audience at the receipts, and her impression was as follows:

"The evidence my experience afforded is that the Italian and French schools of music, with which I am bound, are to be identified, have not lost particle of their hold over the public. The talk of Wagner's displacing Rossini, Meyerbeer and Gounod sounds very well, but it means nothing. During the recent tour made by Thomas, the reception at the door and the audience and recalls shown, in every city we visited, that the audiences' preference was for French and Italian music, and that the receipts from Wagner's operas as well as akin to the older compositions in point of melody and clearness. As a representative of Italian and French music, I say again that the Italian and French schools of music are to be identified with the name of Thomas' concerts. The money and enthusiasm both came on my nights. Of course this does not lessen my admiration for what is intelligible in Wagner's writings and for his wonderful instrumentation.

Nilsson does not overlook the fact that too much high-class German opera of the Wagner school costs over \$50,000.00 per week, and that at \$20,000 to the Cincinnati Festival, while in Milwaukee, a city 75 per cent. Germans, the receipts barely exceeded the expense.

## MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.

**M**USIC, we have said, has a wondrous power of impression—power over thought and act, for it moves the inmost depths of our own mind and nature, and over the life of the soul far beneath the analytical processes of thought;—power over high and low, over a single chord which can be made to thrill in every heart.

From this, it can be easily seen what office it should serve in the family. The family is the school of our earthly existence. It is the home of our emotional nature begins its development. Here we find the very fountain whence flow the purest, and strongest, and most lasting feelings of our life. We learn in the family the language of our being. Far back of any voluntary acts of our own conscious existence it asserts its presence and power. The relation is divinely ordered, and demands that over the life of the soul we may reign. Home where the soul of each one of us opens up into conscious activity, where the whole being begins to move, and where the life is inclusive, here—in the place not only of obedient act of will—not only of intellectual nurture and discipline, but also the place which the beauty of art and the grace of nature, and the pleasure of life should reign, where all ennobling sentiments should be cherished, that in every possible way the attention of the household may be drawn from the grossly sensual to the nobler. Then, as far as true to its nature as giving form to and thus suggesting sentiments—which are, perhaps, more powerful factors of our life than thoughts and words—here, in the home, which equally delight childhood and age, music, therefore, we repeat should bind the fireside together with links of love, and the throbbing hearts of the children with half-formed thoughts and resolutions, and from a house of lasting associations, expanding the affections of the soul.

"Untwisting all the claims that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony."

It is not out of place here to relate an incident which occurred in the early history of Cumberland Valley, in this State, for it is a powerful illustration of the power of music.

By the sudden attack of a band of Indians, one of the frontier settlements of the Valley was overpowered, and a number of very young children carried away captive. After a long search, perhaps in the loneliness of the child herself, the Indians brought back a captive girl, who, from her long sojourn with them, had lost a number of her natural features, and was scarcely recognizable. She was rapidly sickened, and it was generally supposed that the captive had been returned. Two mothers hurried to the place, hoping that the returned one might be their long-lost child. Neither was able to identify her, but both remained.

All possible means were used to bring the child to some recollection of her former life, but in vain. The wild forest life among the Indians had obliterated all memory of her former home, and every association of home life seemed to have perished. At last, one of the women (the real mother), remembering how affectionately she had taught her young girl to sing, and the names of which hymns are dear among the memories of her own childhood, seated herself by the child, as was her wont in the years gone by, and began to sing the old hymns of Zion. The child, first dimly, then more grown into womanhood, listened intently to the voice. As the singing went on, the child began to tremble. Visionary scenes seemed to be filling her gaze, old memories were once again recalled, the bonds which a barbarous captivity had thrown around her soul were breaking. Soon with gushing tears, the captive cried out, "Oh, my mother, my mother!"

Musie which had surrounded her cradle and her infant life—which had entered and thrilled the very depths of her young soul—when she slumbered in the quiet of the night, when the heart beat through her long years of exile, now awoke and asserting its presence and power—music, laden with all the perfume of a mother's love, and the dewy freshness of her own life, now once again came to the soul in harmony with its past existence, and re-bound mother and child in a fellowship of sentiment and emotion far beyond that of thought, and as lasting as life itself.—*Pennsylvania School Journal*.

## ELECTIONEERING MUSIC.

**L**EGISLATOR, a man who lives in an electioneer's family, who, after a long year after year been beaten by an opponent who could claw thrilling sounds from a banjo, came to the city several days ago to learn the secret of success, and in a moment to the best methods of contest.

While passing a music store he heard the sweet tinkling of a music box. Entering the store, and gazing for a moment at the instrument, he said,

"Capt'n, what do you call that thing?"

The dealer explained, but the candidate, not satisfied, said,

"This hangs a little over anything I ever seed. Well, by jings, rattles as unconsared as a carpet. Hi, yah," as the notes of a familiar tune started him, "I bet this is the secret of it. I can't catch a chicken. Talking like a don't kere. Now, I don't understand this thing. How does it know bow to play them things? Say," a bright idea struck him, "I bet this is the secret of it. I bet it home—an' use it fur a lectureerin' dodge. Bet a hundred dollars it would carry every district in the country. Won't lend it? Well, wall, tell me come back. Hanged if I don't sell my hoss, buy the contraption and walk home."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

# Kunkel's Musical Review.

KUNKEL BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

615 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS.

I. D. FOULON, A.M., LL.B.,

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## "DIED A-BORNING."

(After "Yankee Fiddle.")

"Little Alexander's dead,  
Sam blinks his eye;  
We'd have to post a chance  
For a funeral often  
Bells tolling all around  
To the cemetery,  
Dunting in the sarcophagus  
With his sun-brown Jerry."

We have entirely forgotten, if indeed we knew ever, who was the author of the classic gem of obituary poetry we have just quoted, but if the bard's prophetic soul had intended to write a poem upon the recent birth of the "American College of Musicians," he could not have penned one that would have been more appropriate in dignity of diction, majesty of rhythm, and accuracy of language, or that contained more good advice.

The majority of our readers will remember that a little over a year ago, Mr. E. M. Bowman, of St. Louis, then president of the so-called "Musicians' National Association," proposed to immortalize himself and his association in question by the creation of an "American College of Musicians" which should issue certificates of capacity to teachers of music, by which means, it was claimed that incompetency would be rooted out, the music-teaching profession elevated and its labors made more remunerative. The little coterie who run, or rather are, the "Music Teachers' National Association," indorsed Mr. Bowman's views, and it was understood that at its next meeting the association should realize the plans of Mr. Bowman by creating a "National College of Musicians." The musical press of the country, almost without exception, indorsed, more or less fully, the plan proposed.

We stood as long as we could, but at last, in an article of some length, we stated the reasons why, while sympathizing with Mr. Bowman's expressed purpose of elevating the educational standard of the music teaching profession, etc., we believed that the proposed College of Musicians was a visionary scheme, and would do no harm than good, if organized. The article in question caused no little comment, some thinking with us that it was a complete demonstration of the uselessness, and worse, of the proposed college, others taking quite a different view and questioning our motive, instead of answering our arguments. Mr. Bowman and his associates certainly profited by it, for they dropped from their plan some of the objectionable features to which we had called attention, and the opposition we had stirred nerved them to greater efforts. They solicited personally and by letter from as many prominent musicians as they could reach, some expression of good-will, and from now a few they received indorsements of their expressed purposes—which was to be expected since their expressed motives were good. These commu-

nications, or such portions of them as served the purpose of Mr. Bowman and friends, were sent to the musical press, which was generally foisted into publishing them. They were also issued as circulare and sent broadcast from Maine to California. Later, the secretary sent word to the musical papers that, "from the number of letters received," he felt sure, that "not fewer than one thousand music teachers" would be in attendance at the Cleveland meeting, all anxious, probably, to take back with them some sort of "sheepskin." Later still, meetings were called in different cities, and in two or three cases attended, at which reduced rates were asked from the railroads, which, being given to understand that they would carry large delegations granted in several cases the favors sought. In a word, all the little tricks by which the plan was created, were so skilfully managed by Mr. Bowman and his associates in his direction, that we have come to the conclusion that a successful political was spoiled when he became a passable organist.

At last the greatest day arrived. There were no extra expenses needed to pull into Cleveland the delegates and their friends; strange to say, there was no overcrowding of hotels and boarding-houses; even the Teutonic harpkeeper looked disconsolate, as the large patronage from musical and bivalous *Landschaften* failed to materialize. But lo, the hour that is bring with the fates of music in the western world has struck; the hosts are assembling; the president's gavel raps to order and his august gaze rests upon a sea of faces—thirty-five faces by actual count. An additional multitude of seven came in later (their weight had delayed the trains on which they had come) and this immense gathering of forty-two persons, eight or ten of whom had come there to give recitals, with piano, etc., is all that Cleveland saw of "one thousand one thousand teachers" and their numerous friends, whom the local society had seen in his mind's eye.

It would seem to ordinary mortals that this hegira of forty-two had very little to say. Mr. Bowman and Mr. Sherwood had a "cut and dried" programme which their faithful henchmen put through. It had been predetermined by them that on this occasion a child should be born that should be the Messiah of Music on the Western Continent and that it should bear the high-sounding and euphonious name of the "American College of Musicians," and horn it had to be. Its birth was premature, and although the author of its brief lifeaving seen not yet, has yet to prove the fact. It "died a-borning."

The application of galvanism to its little spine might yet make it give two or three aimless kicks, but that will be the only sign of life it will ever give.

"The humbug college now is dead

Jan it in the coffin

Wasn't it a good a chance

For a funeral often?"

Had it lived, however, it would have been one of the greatest curiosities of the age, and an out of tenderness to the feelings of its parents, it is not likely that the little monster will be preserved in alcohol, let me take a brief look at it before advancing decomposition shall compel those who even now hug it to their affectionate breasts, to follow the advice of the poet we have already quoted and

"Rush its body right around

To the incinerator

With its uncle Jerry."

Lest we should be charged with coloring the facts, we will, for the present, drop all metaphor and make use of the plainest and most straightforward language possible.

The "American College of Musicians" was organized by the selection of eighteen examiners, three each in the following branches: piano, organ, voice, theory, rudimentary and orchestral strings. Why other branches, wood-wind, brass, etc., are not represented "is one of the things that no fellow can find out." Among the examiners we note the names of more than one musician of deserved eminence, (several of these were not present and it is doubtful whether they will accept the questionable honor) but also some who are quite unknown to any fame, or known only to a few, as can be obtained by personal self-advertising. The college as "organized" has no charter and no local habitation. Its faculty or examiners are scattered over a great extent of territory. Take for instance the committee of examiners on theory; one resides in St. Louis, another in Philadelphia, the third in Chicago. Now it is clear that the applicant for a certificate of proficiency in this particular branch will have to visit all three of these cities to pass his examination, (unless indeed each examiner is empowered to give a certificate independently of his associates, and if so, wherein will his certificate as examiner be worth more than his certificate as a private individual?) or perhaps the "college," like other quack institutions, is to put on wheels and hold its sessions now here and now there, in which case the candidates will have to follow its erratic wanderings. Either of these alternatives offers a cheerful prospect to those who are invited to walk up and be examined. But there are other inviting features. Take for instance the examiners for voice teachers. On this committee there figure side by side Mme. Cappiani, who at this very session denounced in the broadest terms the unqualified ramblers, who obtain money under false pretenses, all those who claim to pretend to teach singing by teaching the anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs, and Mr. J. H. Wheeler who is one of the strongest champions of that system of teaching and the author of a little work on "Vocal Physiology," noticed in our last issue. How well these two examiners would be likely to agree to the ability to teach possessed by others, when they differ so radically among themselves! A similar state of affairs exists in other committees.

President of this inchoate and perambulating institution, the immortal forty-two, or rather a certain portion of them, selected Mr. E. M. Bowman, who was also made chairman of the examiners on theory. Personally, Mr. Bowman is what would be called a genial fellow, with a talent for adapting himself and his method to the particular company in which he happens to find himself, without oversetting the bounds of decorum. He himself has come to be recognized as one of the leading organists in a city that has no organists, and he has published in book form, under the title of "Bowman's Weitzmann's Harmony," his notes of lectures taken when he was a student under Weitzmann, after the latter had revised them. What else has Mr. Bowman done in musical interests? Where are the important works, musical or literary, that he has written? Where are the eminent or even especially proficient pupils he has formed? Beyond drilling a Sunday-school chorus, what has he done, even in St. Louis, for the cause of musical advancement? Since we have mentioned St. Louis, let us picture to ourselves such men as Robert Goldbeck, P. G. Anton, Carl Froehlich, Charles Kunkel, Louis Mayer, A. G. Rohyn, the Epstein brothers, Franz Baumeier, E. R. Kroeger and a dozen others we might mention, rushing anxiously to Mr. Bowman to obtain his endorsement of their knowledge of theory. There are scenes to which full justice can only done in opera bouffe, and this is one of them. We mention this, we repeat it, not in hostility to Mr. Bowman, who is a very good man in his place. When, however, he is put at the head of an American College of Musicians, the col-

lege stultifies itself, or rather would stultify itself if it amounted to anything, which it does not.

If the personal constituents of the so-called college be heterogeneous, and some of them objectionable, its plan of giving degrees is so absurd that it settles forever the question of its possible existence. We give the report of the committee as amended and adopted by a section of the immortal forty-two.

"There shall be three degrees, lower, intermediate and upper—and three grades for examination for teachers of music.

"A first grade of examination, comprehending a mastery of the sciences and art of music. Candidates successfully passing this examination will be entitled to a diploma and the degree of Master of Musical Art."

"A second and intermediate grade of examination intended for those who have acquired the skill to instruct pupils of somewhat advanced ability. Candidates successfully passing this grade will be entitled to a diploma and the degree, Fellow of the American College of Musicians.

"A third degree of examination for those prepared to teach beginners in the study of music. Candidates successfully passing this grade of examination will be entitled to a diploma and membership in the American College of Musicians."

Passing by the very serious objection that the existence of three degrees would inextricably confuse the public who are to be informed by them of the capacity of the teacher, we make bold to say that there are not over three or four of the examiners who could themselves pass the requisite examination for the highest degree. This, Mr. Bowman seems to understand, for he has since written to the *Indicator* that he thinks this degree should be conferred "upon those who have made their mark, honor and recognition of merit, and not as the result of an examination to which their personal dignity would naturally object." Object? of course, the examiners first of all would object to standing a catechical examination upon "the arts and sciences of music," from which they would come forth plucked. We respectfully suggest that the eighteen examiners proceed, without further delay, to confer upon each other, without examination, the highest degree in their gift—about the only degrees they will ever be called upon to confer. The second degree will probably not be made honorary, and it will be easier to obtain the first than the second. Then how proud a teacher will he show a certificate which will state that he is competent to teach pupils of "somewhat advanced ability." The gem of all, however, is the third grade. We forgot to state that before one can apply for any of these degrees, he must become a member of the Music Teachers' National Association. Any teacher of music can become a member of this association without examination, upon payment of one dollar a month. It was this exaggerated pride that selected the examiners who now assume that those by whom they were chosen do not know enough to teach beginners!! The gentlemen are complimentary, not only to their constituents, but to themselves! Is it possible that they did not see that their action was an insult to the members of the Music Teachers' National Association, or an acknowledgment of the worthlessness of the judgment of the power that put them forward as leaders, or hot?

These difficulties, however, will never be put to the test; the "American College of Musicians" is a name and will soon serve merely as an illustration of the vagaries of musicians. Already some of its former supporters, including several musical journals, seeing the humbug of the thing, have turned their backs upon it, and will have none of it now or hereafter. No one will apply for degrees. Mr. Bowman will not have an opportunity of having "Bowman's Weitzmann's Harmony" adopted as a text-

book for conditioned applicants in theory, and he and his associates will look in vain for the pupils who will pay them high prices for lessons that would prepare them for examination.

The so-called college may, as we have said, give a few spasmodic kicks, but eventually its little epitaph will read:

"Died a-borning, July 4th, 1884."

#### IMMODEST MODESTY.

**A**RTHUR DUDLEY BUCK having heard that Yale College had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music, wrote to President Porter the following letter:

"BOSTON, June 24, 1884.

Dear Sir.—In answer to your inquiry, I am

My Dear Sir,—In answer to your inquiry, I am, in shape of various letters received, reports that Yale College has just conferred the musical doctorate upon the under-signed. Assuming this to be a fact (in absence of official notification as yet), I take the liberty of addressing a few personal words to you. No one could appreciate better than myself the high honor of such a compliment, coming from such an institution as old "Yale," but I must say that I have a distinct amounting to unconquerable repugnance to all titles of this kind in my profession. In the literary sphere it is quite different. Time alone can test what may be of value in my work, and a degree actually hampers rather than aids me. Twice I have previously declined, when I knew in advance that friends were making to this end, and I should most certainly have taken the same course again in the present case, had the result not come up to my expectations. I feel deeply that this is an ungracious letter to write, but what I may call my conscientious scruples, lie still deeper. Will you not then assist me in having the matter dropped? I shall never forget the honor intended, but feel that I must be unhampered by titles, even when coming from such a distinguished source.

Very truly yours,

DUDLEY BUCK."

Some of our musical exchanges praise Mr. Buck's modesty. Taking everything into consideration, however, it seems to us that Mr. Buck's action was horrid, unmannerly, and immodest to a disgraceful extent. The dictates of true modesty would have led Mr. Buck, if he disliked the title of Doctor of Music, to politely thank the college for the honor conferred and then to lay the sheepskin quietly aside, where no one ever need have seen it or heard of it. Still Mr. Buck certainly had a right to refuse the title offered or conferred—that was a matter purely between himself and Yale College. But Mr. Buck, who is so modest as not to accept a title from even Yale, has no sooner written to decline the title than he becomes very anxious to get all the credit of his modesty: sends to the Cleveland *Leader* for publication, one copy of this private letter, another to the President of the Music Teachers' National Association, asking him to read it to the association, and still other copies to divers musical journals, with a request that they publish it, and is evidently very anxious to have it known that he had snubbed "old Yale." In doing this, Mr. Buck has simply shown that it is quite possible to be an able musician without being a gentleman, either in feeling or manner, and to be devoured by an inordinate self-esteem, while pretending to be extremely modest. We cannot imagine a more hypocritical, pharisaical and generally disreputable course than that of this modest American composer in this matter. "Old Yale" can stand the snub and laugh at the littleness of the great man (?) it had intended to honor, but the musicians and the musical press cannot, it seems to us afford to praise an exhibition of ill-manured boorishness, as one of praiseworthy modesty.

#### THE LIMIT OF AUDIBLE SOUNDS.

**H**AT is the limit of audible sounds? Does man perceive as a note any number of vibrations whatever, or is our perception confined between certain limits? That there is a lower limit may easily be demonstrated, and that the

When the siren is held in action, and at first turns very slowly, the single puffs of air are heard singly, but no note is perceived. A very slow siren, however, begins to turn a little faster. From exact experiments it is found that there must be at least sixteen vibrations in a second of time in order to produce a note; and this limit is only reached by a very powerful instrument, that is to say, an instrument able to give a somewhat loud note. In other cases—as, for instance, in the case of the common siren—twenty-four vibrations per second are necessary in order to produce a perceptible note.

It is more difficult to fix a high limit for sound. If the blower be successfully aided, the siren can go on for a longer time, the greater the pressure and sharpness, and at last becomes shrill and disagreeable. But with an ordinary siren it would not be possible to obtain a velocity above a certain limit, because the air would probably vibrate too rapidly. To solve this problem Despreys made use of smaller and smaller tuning-forks and finally succeeded in demonstrating that there is an upper limit for sound, beyond which no note can be heard.

This limit was fixed by him at very nearly 38,000 vibrations in a second, a figure that has been finally confirmed by Helmholtz; but it is probable that it differs in different individuals. We may conclude that the upper vibrations lie between the limits 16 and 38,000 per second.

All the notes comprised between these extreme limits are not necessarily perceptible, so called, because the notes advantage of which is taken in practical music. The notes that are too low are badly heard; those that are too high are unperceivable.

In the modern pianoforte of seven complete octaves, the base A corresponds to about 27<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>, the highest A to 3480 vibrations per second. Therefore, taking into account the difference of tuning, it is evident that the notes of the pianoforte range from 27 to 3500 vibrations per second.

The number 27 is the fourth open string (the lowest note) corresponding to about 160 vibrations; the highest note is found to be about 3500.

This number is not, however, the highest. Some pianofortes go up to the seventh C, which corresponds to about 4200, and some to piccolo 4000 and 4200. Other voices are represented. But the real gain that music has realized from so great an extension is very doubtful. Notes that are too high are shrill, and lose entirely that full sweet sound which is the characteristic of musical notes. It may be concluded, without exaggeration, that musical notes are comprised between 27 and 4000 vibrations per second.

Concerning the voice, the vocal and of the limits between which it acts, is also interesting. In considering it, we must distinguish between the voice of men and of women. The latter is more easily extended, and two or three more notes per second than that of men. Subdivisions are made for musical purposes in each of these classes of voice; thus there are, for men, bass, baritone and tenor voices; and for women, soprano, alto, and soprano voices. The following table shows the limits of each of these voices for a normal case, as they may reasonably be expected from a good and healthy person. The figures given in brackets represent cases of exceptional voices which the stage has produced up to the present time:

##### Extent and Limits of the Human Voice.

Bass .....	(B = 61 E = 52 D = 230 [F = 348]
(D = 73 F = 87 G = 100 [A = 112]	
Bass .....	(C = 120 E = 130 G = 140 [C = 144]
Contratenor .....	(C = 130 E = 164 F = 69 (A = 87)
Contralto .....	(E = 140 G = 150 [C = 164]
Soprano .....	(G = 160 A = 218 C = 1044 (E = 1300)

The well-developed voice of a single singer embraces about two octaves; in the case of women a little more, and in the case of men a little less. The human voice (man's and woman's combined) may be fixed by four octaves, from C=60 up to C=1044, certainly exceeding cases not included.

Still question remains as to what particular importance has late voices raised and scaled, that of establishing

\*Tamberlik's surprised (?)

\*\*Certain marvelously gifted voices have had more extended ranges than those of Tamberlik. The highest voice seems to be that of Bastordelli, whose Nostrum heart at Parma in 1770, sang from C=60 up to C=1044, a range of 444 vibrations, equal to 2000 vibrations. Also the voice of Farinelli, have a very great range.

a uniform pitch for all countries, so as to make it possible to tune instruments uniformly. For the purpose of tuning musical instruments, a small interval of 120 vibrations per second is given, which corresponds to the second open string of the violin, and is in a seven octave piano forte the fifth A, counting from the lowest note. At the different theatres there have been adopted pitches differing from each other; and even in the same theatre the A goes on gradually rising. At Paris, in 1790, it was 43 vibrations per second. This last name has since remained steadily at the Berlin Theatre; but the pitch of the Scala at Milan corresponds to 440 vibrations per second, and that of the Covent Garden Theatre at London to 442, or 443 vibrations per second.

This state of things was very unpleasant to singers, for whom it was no easy matter to satisfy requirements differing so sensibly in different countries; especially as the instrument, that was intended to increase the effect, is written very much on the extreme notes, and especially on the high ones, and therefore makes a great call upon the singers. To this may be added the tendency of the manufacturers of musical instruments, and of the sellers of books and pamphlets, to raise continually their prices to give a greater brilliancy of tone to their instruments.

As may be seen from the example given of the rise of pitch at Paris, it thus came about that from the last century until now the pitch has been rising considerably everywhere, and had a tendency to rise still higher. It was therefore necessary to find a remedy for so grave an inconvenience, and an international commission fixed as the *normal pitch* (usually called the *diapason normal*) a tuning-fork giving 432 vibrations per second of time.

I will close this article by demonstrating an important law, at which we arrive by studying the number of vibrations per second of a string, when it vibrates in one part. It gives its lowest note, which I have called the fundamental note. If the string be divided, by touching it with the finger or a feather, into two, three, four, etc., parts, higher notes are produced, than that in which it is called on *harmonic notes*. The notes of this harmonic series are not taken at random. They are very agreeable to the ear in relation to the fundamental note, and have great power as regards the pleasure of the ear. In the theory of music and of musical instruments, it is the duty of the teacher, if there is a simple law to regulate these notes, as the method of simple law is so simple.

To answer this question, all that is needed is to determine the number of vibrations of the string for the fundamental note, and for the successive harmonic notes.

Carefully repeated experiments show that simple relations exist between all these notes. Let us suppose, for example, that the fundamental note is 128 vibrations per second; the second harmonic, which is obtained by dividing the strings into two parts, then makes twice 128 vibrations, or 256 per second; the third harmonic, which is obtained by dividing the string into three parts, makes three times 128, or 384 vibrations per second; the fourth harmonic, which arises from the division of the string into four parts, makes four times 128, or 512 vibrations per second, and so on. These, called the fundamental notes, the harmonic notes will be exactly represented, in respect of their vibrations per second, by the whole numbers, 2, 3, 4, etc. By considering this mode of formation of the harmonic notes, we have at our disposal:

(2) The number of vibrations per second of a string varies inversely as its length.

This series applies to all common cases when a string is shortened in any manner whatever; on the sonometer this shortening is accomplished in a very simple manner. Besides the two fixed points of which the string is suspended, there is a movable bridge by means of which the string can be shortened at will. A scale of centimetres and millimetres allows the length of the effective part of the string to be measured in any case, so that the student can easily determine the number of vibrations of the simplest and shortest means of determining the number of vibrations of a note. The operation is performed as follows. The string of the sonometer is tuned to a note higher than the note of the whole length (one metre), it gives a known constant note—for example, one of 128 vibrations per second. When the string is thus tuned, the sonometer is ready for immediate use. If it is desired to determine the number of vibrations of a given sound, that note is exactly reproduced by sliding the bridge along, and so shortening the string.

ting; the scale under the string gives its new length. Let this be, for example, 482 millimetres; then, as the number of vibrations varies inversely as the length of the string, we arrive at the following proportion:

$$\text{whence } x = \frac{432}{128} = 288$$

432  
Therefore the note makes 256 vibrations per second. This method of determining the number of the vibrations is the simplest of all. It is capable of giving results of sufficient accuracy, and may be adopted directly the laws of the vibrations of strings have been established.—P. BLASCHKA.

## A STORY OF PAREPA ROSA.

THREE was many years ago that a poor, widowed woman, leading a hard life of unending labor, was called on to part with the one thing dear to her—her only child. Mother and daughter had toiled together for many years, and the only bit of comfort falling to the girl was that she had been their loving companion. But the girl had always been company. Under the heart-broken mother's eyes she faded and wasted away with consumption, and at last the day came when the wan face failed to answer with a smile the anxious, star-blinded eyes of the mother. The poor young

For many months the pair had been supported by the elderly man's savings and it was in the character of employee I had become acquainted with Mrs. and her story. By an occasional visit to the awful heights of a an East Side tenement, where they lived, by a few books and some comforting words, I had won the love of the dying girl. Grateful thoughts turned me to her home to see the precious things she possessed, and she suggested her mother to notify me of the day of the funeral and ask me to attend.

That summons re-ached me upon one of the wild days preceding Christmas. A sleet that was not sleet, and a rain that was not snow, came pattering from all points of the compass. I piled the glowing grates; I drew closer the curtains and shut out the gloom of the December afternoon; I turned on the gas and sat down, devoutly thankful that I had cut all connection with the wicked weather, when an instalment of it burst in upon me in the shape of Parepa Rosa. She was Emprosyne Parepae.

And even as we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a delightful day together, here came the summons for me to go to the humble funeral of the good old man's daughter. I turned the little half-blotted note over and groaned.

"This is terrible!" said I. "It's just the one grand that could take me out to-day, but I must go."

And then I told Parepa the circumstances and speculated on the length of time I should be gone, and suggested means of amanement in my absence.

"But I shall go with you," said the great-hearted creature.  
So she wound her throat with the long white comforter, put on her worsted gloves, and, with the dimpled white fingers of a young girl, started to the top floor, where the widow dwelt in a miserable little room not more than a dozen feet square. The canvas-back hearse, peculiar to the twenty-five-dollar funeral, stood in the street below, and the awful cherry-stained box, with its ruff of glazed white muslin, stood on uncovered trestles in the center of the room above.

There was the mother, speechless in her grief; beside that box, a group of hired men, silent; it was useless to speak to them; the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable end; it was cold comfort to speak to her of the daughter's release from pain and suffering. The poor creature, in her utter loneliness, was thinking of herself and the awful future of the approaching moment, when the box and its precious burden would be taken away, and leave her wholly alone. So, therefore, with a sympathising grasp of the poor woman, hony hand, we sat silently down to "attend her funeral."

Then the minister came in—a dry, self-sufficient man, with nothing of the tenderness of his holy calling about him. Icer than the day, colder than the storm, he rattled through some selected sermons from the Broken, and offered a set form of confession to the broken-hearted mother, telling her of her sin in rebelling against the decrees of Providence, and assuring her that nothing could bring back the dead. Then he hurriedly departed, while everybody gathered in the little

room. Not one word was said about the  
of solemn import or befitting the occasion. It  
was the emperor's sorrow most unsatisfactory  
that he had ever been member. Then Parepa arose, her  
look falling about her noble figure like mourning  
traypanry. She stood beside that miserable cherry-  
taimed box. She looked a moment on the wasted,  
ashy face, upturned toward her from within it. She  
closed her soft, white hand on the forehead of the  
dead girl, and she lifted up that matchless voice in  
the beautiful melody—

is ever bright and fair.

Take, oh take her to your care."

The noble voice swelled toward heaven, and if ever the choirs of Paradise paused to listen to earth's music, it was when Parepa sang so gloriously beside that poor dead girl. No words can describe its effect on those gathered there. The sad mourners sank on her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes the little band stood reverently about her.

No queen ever went to her grave accompanied by a grander ceremony. To this day Parepa's glorious tribute of song rings with solemn melody in my memory as the most impressive service I ever heard.

"STABAT MATER DOLOROSA."

*EDERIE Napoli e poi morir!* The truth of these words must have penetrated every human heart, and have overwhelmed every eye, to whose glance the splendor of the landscape was as nothing but a dream vision October morning, of the year 1755. There lay the fair-like city, with her countless cupolas and towers, over which the radiant gold veil of the morning sun shone like a cloud of spirit, of the most brilliant and glistening of all domes, the peak of Vesuvius; and the stately bay—it rested like a heavy, golden gigantic drop upon the broad bosom of the earth, and the bright rays of the rising sun were waving sea of light above. A warmth, reddish vapor tremulously surrounded the myrtle and orange groves; it played around the sight terrible and bright, that it could hardly be touched by another; it glided with graceful movements through the neighboring gardens and kissèd the large flowers and creepers that covered the ground like a yellow-colored net. It was as if the earth had been bathed in the sweetest essence of earth and life; if here alone were found eternity, peace, bliss and beauty.

On the gentle slope of a blooming hilltop leaned an old stone crucifix, with the sorrowing Madonna at its foot; it was hidden by luxuriant bushes and magnolia trees, shadowed by palm and olive trees, and half overgrown by lovely magnolias and pretty vines. Perchance some strange destiny had caused this group, thrice and pious, faith had

sought to protect the treasure from destruction when it placed it in the treasury room; but the way of striking and remarkable beauty, and would have merited a place in the proudest church. The figures, which were of the best marble, were of the Virgin and Child, transformed the hard stone into a pliable mass, and wonderfully endowed it with life and animation. It was a vicarious offering of the first man, and the cross above it, the tortured mortals. The noble features were a holy and peaceful aspect, the beautiful body rested in the uncomparable brightness of death, and the countenance of infinite tenderness.

But Mary, the *Mater dolorum*—what a picture! A glorious figure, bent, but not prostrated by the weight of grief, a wondrous countenance, eyes like stars, a mouth like a rose, a breast abounding anguish lay; tear-drops hung heavily upon the eye-lashes and around the beautiful mouth, equivalent in measure to increased sorrow; the great leaves had an incomparably clinging to the garment of the sufferer, and bright flowers had sprouted forth close to the body of the Crucified.

Such a singularly beautiful picture, so singularly grander than the image, according however to the taste of each, and the judgment of each, as to whether it was better or worse.

On the October morning described above, it chanced that a young man, but yet a virgin, came from the holy images. Deeply sighing, he looked up to the Crucified One. He beheld the heavenly peace of the great dead, and a feeling of fervent devotion thrilled through him; he gazed upon the angelic features of Mary, contemplated the nameless griefs of the Holy Mother, and then, transfixed by the aspect of such boundless anguish. An infinite compassion penetrated his soul; it seemed to him as though he must forcibly withdraw the daggers that were piercing the tortured mother.





ing power in our schools. This power can be found in every school-room that is so fortunate as to have a real teacher in other studies; it only needs to be utilized. After about a year and a half ago a superintendent of schools joined my firm as a partner for teachers. At the close of the first lesson he said to me, "Mr. Holt, that is just what I am doing in my schoolroom, I am a non-musician and cannot sing, but I think I can do the work of teaching a course of ten lessons and directed his teachers how to train their classes in thinking sounds. At the close of the year the people were so much pleased with what had been done, and so much that his salary was increased \$500, the amount formerly paid a music teacher. This gentleman said to me, "I have taught the instruction in music in his schools for one year." The teacher said, "What is to me in this matter is that I have learned to sing myself." Said he, "I have made three attempts to learn to sing, but the way and have given it up." It may be a matter of interest to know that this gentleman was a member of the Bridgewater Normal School eighteen years ago, while I was a teacher there. I think that the teacher from my personal standpoint I can see a good reason why the German did not learn to sing, and I wish in all frankness to say that in my opinion the fault was not his. In fact, in the development of my growing out of my experience during the past three years I feel compelled to say that I consider my former results in teaching music in public schools a failure in proportion to the time and effort he accomplished. When we consider the position which Germany holds in the musical and educational world it is very natural that we should adopt her system of training music in schools. I have come to believe that so far as I have imitated Germany in this matter, we have been led wrong in our methods of teaching.

I judge from the reports of the various countries and comparing them with what can be accomplished in America, and comparing statements of German teachers and musicians who are familiar with the work in the German schools. The art of singing is not taught until the children are nine or ten years old. The practice of singing is so long continued that part songs are taught by rote, shows that the Germans have either not appreciated the ability of little children to acquire music so easily, or they have not intelligently at sight, or have not learned to select music from the complications of its science and notation. At present it systematically in its simplicity to the mind to teach the child to associate fully, we should first establish a clear appreciation of the relative pitch of sounds. The series or succession of sounds known as the major scale, is the basis upon which music is written and formed the unit in thinking the various sounds. This series of sounds being the unit, must be presented to the mind as a whole which comprises so many materials, and which must have a name by which it is known. The knowledge of this series of sounds is just where we commence in teaching the art of reading music, and without quick and accurate knowledge of these sounds in every possible relation to each other, in reading music is a delusion and a sham. Reading music at sight consists in looking at characters and being able to think accurately the sounds which they represent in music. This would appear to any real teacher that we shall ever succeed in training children to think in music by teaching the names of these characters, and by giving written examples of them, and then trying to make them think sounds in pitch, we must work with them continually. If we would train children to sing in time we must first teach them to think and feel a time. In this connection we must learn to learn the fractional names of notes, as whole, half, quarter, eighth, etc., with their corresponding rests, and to attempt to measure their values by certain sets of measures. The first consideration in the time of measure, called beating time, is from my stand-point a very hanging way of teaching this subject, notwithstanding it has been in use from time immemorial. I am aware that I shall meet the strongest opposition to some of my ideas. Musicians, in the position I have taken upon this subject, and that I may be read out of the musical profession in consequence, but I feel sure the support of the public will be with me. We must have the mental laws, by which the mind acquires knowledge, more of a study. After a clear comprehension of rhythm has been established, beating time is a mere formality. To teach children this subject intelligently we must first ascertain what it is that we are teaching. What are we presenting to the mind? What is the real object of thought? Is it anything that can be seen? Or must it be felt? Can we impart it through the eye? Or

must the mind receive the impression through the ear? The real objects of thought are mental and must be felt; they are pulsations or accents, and cannot be conveyed to the mind through the eye. The regularity and rapidity of like beating time is only an indication that these accents are established in the mind. The regularity and rapidity of the movement may be given through the eye but the sensations of sound must be applied to the mind through the senses of feeling and hearing, and these are in other way. Every definite and distinct idea of the art of the teaching of music have an oral name. The importance of the grouping of accents, and it is of the greatest importance that these accents should be named. The teaching of time is thus reduced to the practice of naming the groupings of the sounds measured by these accents.—H. E. Holt.

#### INCIDENTS OF RAILWAY TRAVEL.

*T* was at the close of an almost perfect day at North Platte, and the greater part of these boys, as they say, had eaten out, but were still waiting to get on the cars. As we entered the car, two of the crowd arose, and bowing low, waved their arms and sang "Wendy, to the wild west!" Laughter shaking their hands we quickly dropped into our seat, while one of them took a seat upon the coal box, and the other upon the floor, amid the good will of the company. As the sun began to set for daylight was nearing a jug of wine and just made its last trip among these passengers, and a general calm had settled over the noisy crew, when, for our intended entertainment, we commenced a song of old-time, "The Blue Danube." We listened more quietly for a few moments until we grew weary and stopped singing. Suddenly a great stamping cow-boy, clad in naught but a heavy coat and breeches, and wearing a pair of high-top boots, on which his spurs were jingling arose in his seat, threw his hat to the further end of the car, gave a mighty yell, and drawing his revolver, said, "I'll shoot them on the lights, and/or else I'll shoot on them are lights, and demonstrated his ability to do so by extinguishing the further one in the car with one shot from his pistol. The boy who had been singing shrank and swear, young New Hampshire began to groan and tremble while we dropped down behind the back of the seat in front and concluded we would sing no more. The boy who had sung the song, we saw as the signal waving in the air or the other end of the car, bravely we were holding to the seat, we cannot tell, but the song "selected for the occasion" was "Home on the Range." The crowd joined lustily and the sheriff joined with his seat, muttering: "All I wanted."

After singing one or two other songs, a great burly black-widow spider across the aisle, who had been watching turned and said, "Look here, look here! I guess you're kind of people, after all." He Sheriff up at Sidney, and I sing a little myself. "I'm a member of the Methodist choir," and if you go again in the same place, "you won't again, and the sheriff joined with a strong, rich and melodious bass voice, and then others joined too. Some one of the children in the recent foot-singing said the same as said, "Sey, fellers! Can't you sing a song called "Near my God to Thee?" We sang it, and after that there was no more swearing heard. Then followed "Use your head, and not your heart." A very strong voice which trembled before that song was finished. It was though strange by the writer that these rough, hard-looking men could remember such a song. The sheriff told us a story of a highly dressed gambler came up from the other end of the car, and said, in a husky voice: "My mother used to sing "There is rest for the weary," can't you sing it?"

Just across the aisle, and one seat forward, was sitting a powerfully built man, who wore a belt of cartridges outside of his shirt, supporting two navy revolvers, while just over the top of his hood peeped the handle of a dirk knife. His face

and head were covered with a shock of black stiff hair, completely hiding his sloping forehead and thick neck. His eyes, small and black, were deep and nearly covered by shaggy eyebrows, while creases across his forehead, and down one cheek, were as deep as the wrinkles on the face of him before the singing, we had come to the conclusion that he was a desperately bad man. He appeared totally indifferent to the singing, and the other passengers, until in a while, when great tired and cool'd recall no more sound, he suddenly turned and said, "You've forgotten one, and I'll sing it." He commenced with the beautiful words:

"Thou art the bond of my beautiful land;  
The far west comes, and no sin's known,

When grief overcomes, and no sin's known,  
His voice was pure and strong and gave evidence of culture at some point. As he sang, he seemed to become more and more interested in the song; he laid his hand on the heat and closed his eyes, and sang as though from his very soul. He closed his eyes, with hands uplifted and tears rolling down over that ugly scar, he sang the last line, there of many dry eyes in that car, and as the gray light of morning rose over the prairie, the hearts of those rough and sin-burdened men were soothed, and their thoughts were purer than they had been for many a day, and all the men in the car recited the sweet songs about God and heaven, which their mothers had sung to them and taught them in the days of their childhood and purity.—R. R. Herald.

#### MADAME RUDERSDORFF.

*T*ORIES about Madame Rudersdorff are now in order. Among them is one not likely to find its way into print through any other medium. She was a widow, poor and friendless lady applied to her for lessons, but gave up the plan on account of expense, not giving the full reason. Rudersdorff, however, could not stand it, and said, "I will give you lessons!" And so she did! The blind pupil became very attached to her teacher, but had to put up with much abuse, and was treated for the insatiable but benevolent tongue. One day Madame became very strong in her epithets. "You are stupid; you are very pig!" she exclaimed. This set her pupil in a rage, and she began to use even more painful impressions of her violence. Madame went into the kitchen, and returned bearing a dish of the pickled cabbage she had in process of preparation, whose strong smell filled the house. Refusal was useless when the blind woman's gentle hand called for her a few minutes later, he found his wife standing helplessly in the middle of the parlor, now turns sampling the piquant leaves and wiping her eyes.

Another lady pupil, when Madame became rough in her language, swore back again. Rudersdorff and all said they were stand friends forever after.

More ignorant still was a young man's agent when Madame besought him not to break her service. "What can I do without you? Vy do you leave?" "To tell the truth, Madame," he replied, "I am tired of superintending an inebriate asylum."

She always expressed herself strongly, more so than I ever heard, and I don't think I like your tone,"

With this she was off again, shouting, "I am the only money she makes, and when the sister-

artist talked back again pretty sharp, in a disagreement about a financial question. Though grave her faults, she was one of the most generous of women.

How many a poor one's blessing went With her beneath that low roof, Whose curtain never overswings.—Art Jour.

#### MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

The brass and reed bands now almost monopolize the music-making for the public, and they call for no special notice.

At Ubrig's Cave the Ford Opera Company is giving light operas, and the Queen's Lace Handkerchief, etc., to large and not over critics audience.

The French National Fete of July 14, was celebrated at open air meetings, and the Queen's Lace Handkerchief, etc., to large and not over critics audience.

Miss Flesch, who sang "Salut à la France," did it extremely well, and the audience was greatly pleased.

The same was true of Miss Flesch's singing of "Hail Columbia,"

the Henry Shaw Society, who surprised their worst critics in their unintentional parody of Gounod's "Hymn to France."

At the grand ball given by the Queen's Lace Handkerchief, etc., to large and not over critics audience.



## OUR MUSIC.

"MARCH OF THE GOBLINS,"—*Rivet-King*. These are good goblins, or at least goblins that dance to something that sounds like a reminiscence of the Sunday school, and they dance about quite merrily indeed. The verses at the head of the piece will give some idea of what the author of the lines (a gentleman with whom we always agree, although he sometimes mistakes,) understood the piece to mean. The dashes indicate the *sobnot* proper, which must have taken place, but is not depicted in the piece.

"VENI, VIDI, VICI,"—*Polkka*.—*Melnotte*.

This is a brilliant polka indeed, and one that is always popular. A fairy good pianist, who plays it before an average audience, can usually feel sure of applause and a recall, in other words, can apply to himself the words of the title, and like a second Caesar say with truth: "I came, I saw, I conquered!"

"ZWEI ALBUMLETTEN,"—*Kroeger*.

These two album leaves are little gems. They demand, however, for their proper rendering, considerable musicianship upon the part of the performer, not so much perhaps in the way of technique as in that of taste and musical feeling. They will repay study.

"FRA DIAVOLO,"—Fantasia—(Duet).—*Sidus*.

Our younger readers would hardly forgive us if we should let a number pass without giving them one of Sidus' genial arrangements. The last always seems the best. As a teaching piece, this will be found quite up to the high standard established by the previous numbers of Sidus' series of operatic fantasias.

"THE SOLDIER'S HOME,"—(Song).—*Oberthür*.

Original in style and exquisite in melody, this is a song that is sure to please and make its way in the world, into which it is now launched for the first time. To those who are looking for a well-written and effective song for the concert platform, we can recommend this without reserve.

The prices of the pieces published in this number, are, in sheet form, the following:

"MARCH OF THE GOBLINS,"— <i>Rivet-King</i> .....	\$ .60
"VENI, VIDI, VICI,"— <i>Polkka</i> — <i>Melnotte</i> .....	.70
"ZWEI ALBUMLETTEN,"— <i>Kroeger</i> .....	.60
"FRA DIAVOLO,"—Fantasia, (Duet) <i>Sidus</i> .....	.60
"THE SOLDIER'S HOME," (Song) <i>Oberthür</i> .....	.55

Total ..... \$2.05

## PREMIUM OFFER EXTRAORDINARY.

KUNKEL'S POCKET METRONOME.  
PRICE, \$2.00.

This Metronome is no larger than a lady's watch, can readily be carried in the vest pocket, is always ready for use, simple in its construction, and perfectly perfect in its action. Desiring at once to introduce it and to give you a circular notice of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, we will give away a second lot of 1,000 free.

## HOW READ OUR FOB!

We will give one of these beautiful instruments to every person who will send us two new yearly subscriptions and ten cents to prepay postage on the microscope, until the entire 1,000 fobs are given away. The premium is the same as that offered with each subscription.

"First come, first served!"—The early bird catches the worm! Who'll be first?

## NEW MUSIC.

Among the laic of our issues we wish to call the special attention of our readers to the pieces mentioned below. We will send any of these compositions to those of our subscribers who may wish to examine them, and understand that they may be returned in good order, if they are not satisfied with the composition. The names of the authors are a sufficient guarantee of the merit of the compositions, and it is a fact now so well known that the house of Kunkel Brothers not only fastidiously selects the pieces for publication, but also issues the most carefully edited, fingered, phrased, and revised publications ever seen in America, that further notice of this fact is unnecessary.

## Kunkel's Royal Edition

OF DUVEZON'S ECOLE DU MECANISME Op. 120, in two books, each \$1.00.

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# MARCH OF THE GOBLINS.

(KOBOLDEN MARSCH.)

Julia Rivé-King.

Come, goblins, come!  
Tis now the midnight hour;  
Come, goblins, come!  
The world is in your power.  
Forth from your secret homes,  
Ye goblins, elves and gnomes!  
For, in yon hollow ground,  
Till break of day,  
The mystic circle 'round,  
We'll trip away.

Haste, goblins, haste!  
For, soon the East will glow;  
Haste, goblins, haste!  
Ere long the cock will crow.  
Ye know the gnomes law:  
All must at dawn withdraw,  
Last mortal eye deservy  
Your mystic haunt —  
See, see the red'ning sky!  
Cockerow! — Avant!! I. D. F.

*Allegro. M. M. = σ 132.*

*Gioioso.*

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the right hand, the middle for the left hand, and the bottom for the bass. The music is in common time (indicated by 'M. M.') and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as '1 2 3 4 5' and '2 1 3 4 5'. Dynamic markings include 'p' (piano), 'cres' (crescendo), 'do', 'cres', 'cen', 'do', 'cres', 'cen', 'do', 'cres', 'cen', 'do', 'cres', 'cen', 'do', 'ff' (fortissimo), and 'p' (piano). The bass staff includes 'p' and 'ff' markings. The score is labeled 'Allegro.' and 'Gioioso.'



A musical score page showing two staves. The top staff is for the piano, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and dynamic markings like 'ff' (fortissimo) and 'sf' (sforzando). The bottom staff is for the orchestra, with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. Measure 11 starts with a forte dynamic 'ff'. Measure 12 begins with a dynamic 'sf'. Various performance instructions such as '3', '2', '4', and '5' are placed above the notes and rests in both staves.

A musical score for piano, showing four staves of music. The top staff is treble clef, the bottom staff is bass clef. Measure 5 starts with a forte dynamic (f) and includes a tempo marking 'p'. Measures 6-8 show a transition with dynamics 'pp' (pianissimo), 'cres' (crescendo), and 'cen' (cendo). The score includes various note heads, rests, and a fermata over measure 8. Measure 9 begins with a dynamic 'do'.

A musical score for piano, showing measures 3 through 12. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The music consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Measure 3 starts with a forte dynamic (F) followed by a half note. Measures 4-5 show eighth-note patterns. Measures 6-7 feature sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 8-9 continue with sixteenth-note patterns. Measure 10 begins with a forte dynamic (F) followed by a half note. Measures 11-12 conclude the section.

A musical score for piano, showing measures 8 through 10. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). Measure 8 starts with a forte dynamic (ff) and includes a dynamic instruction 'sf'. Measures 9 and 10 continue the rhythmic pattern established in measure 8, featuring eighth-note chords and grace notes. Measure 10 concludes with a dynamic instruction 'ff'.

A page of musical notation for two voices and piano, featuring five staves of music with various dynamics and fingerings.

The music is divided into five systems by vertical bar lines. The first system starts with a forte dynamic (f) and includes fingerings such as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. The second system begins with a piano dynamic (p). The third system contains vocal entries with lyrics: "a- cen- do." followed by "f". The fourth system continues with "cen- do." and ends with a forte dynamic (ff). The fifth system concludes with "do." and ends with a piano dynamic (p).

Dynamics include f, ff, p, cresc., and decresc. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7. Articulation marks like dots and dashes are also present. The vocal parts are written in soprano and alto clefs, while the piano part uses a bass clef.

Piano sheet music for page 10, measures 11-15. The music is in 2/4 time, G major, and consists of five staves. Measure 11 starts with a forte dynamic (ff) and includes fingerings (1, 2) and pedaling instructions (ped.). Measures 12-13 show complex chords with various fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8) and pedaling. Measure 14 begins with a dynamic of  $\frac{1}{2}$  f. Measure 15 concludes with a piano dynamic (p) and a dynamic of  $\frac{1}{2}$  pp.

*VENI, VIDI, VICI.*

(I came; I saw; I conquered.)

Grand Polka de Concert.

Revised Edition.

Tempo di Polka. ♩ = 112.

Claude Melnotte, Op. 118.

ff

Ped.

\* Ped.

ff

1 2 3 4

1 2 3 4

ff

1 2 3 4

1 2 3 4

f

Ped.

\* Ped.

\*

Ped.

dolce.

p

sforzando

Ped.

\* Ped.

\*

Ped.

sforzando

Ped.

\*

Grandioso.

The musical score consists of six staves of piano music. The first staff shows eighth-note chords. The second staff begins with a forte dynamic ('f') and includes markings such as 'Ped.', asterisks, and 's vna'. The third staff starts with a dynamic 'dolce' and 'Ped.'. The fourth staff features dynamics 'p' and 'Ped.'. The fifth staff has 's vna' markings. The sixth staff concludes with a dynamic 's' and 'Ped.'

This piece is one of six that appeared in Kunkel's Musical Review for August 1884.

Brilliant.

Sva

Ped.

\* Ped.

Ped.

f

Sva

Ped.

\* Ped.

Ped.

mf

Sva

Ped.

\* Ped.

Ped.

Sva

Ped.

\* Ped.

Ped.

I

II

Ped.

\*

This page contains five staves of musical notation for piano. The first four staves are in common time, while the fifth staff is in 2/4 time. The key signature varies throughout the piece, including B-flat major, A-flat major, G major, F major, E major, D major, C major, B-flat major, A major, and G major. Dynamic markings such as 'Brilliant.', 'Sva', 'f', 'mf', and 'Ped.' are present. Fingerings are marked above the notes. The score is divided into two sections, 'I' and 'II', indicated by Roman numerals at the beginning of the final two staves.

Sheet music for piano, page 10, showing measures 111-120. The music is in common time and consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clef, and the bottom two are bass clef. Measure 111 starts with a forte dynamic (f) and a sixteenth-note pattern. Measure 112 begins with a sustained note. Measures 113-114 show a continuation of the sixteenth-note pattern. Measure 115 is a rest. Measures 116-117 show a continuation of the sixteenth-note pattern. Measure 118 begins with a dynamic (f). Measure 119 is a rest. Measure 120 begins with a dynamic (f). Various performance instructions are included: 'simili.' above the first measure, 'Brilliant.' above the second measure, 'Ped.' below the third measure, 'Sna.' above the fourth measure, 'Ped.' below the fifth measure, 'Sna.' above the sixth measure, 'Ped.' below the seventh measure, 'Sna.' above the eighth measure, 'Ped.' below the ninth measure, and 'Ped.' below the tenth measure.

1828

Ped. \* Ped. \*

S vna

Ped. \* Ped. \*

S vna f

Ped. \*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

S vna

f

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

S vna

f

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

Leggiero.

650

*sfor*

*sfor*

*sfor*

*sfor*

Ped. \*

f Ped. \*

f 2 6 2 1 Ped. \*

Ped. \* Ped. \*

Ossia ff Ped. Ped. \*

ff ff ff ff ff ff Fine.

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. Ped. \*

# ZWEI ALBUMBLÄTTER.

## I

Ernest R. Kroeger.

*Allegretto.*  $\text{♩} = 138.$

The sheet music consists of five staves of musical notation for piano, arranged vertically. The first four staves are in common time (indicated by 'C') and the fifth staff is in 2/4 time (indicated by '2/4'). The notation includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, and pedaling instructions ('Ped.') are placed below the bass staff at regular intervals. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

*a tempo.*

### III

*Moderato* ♩ = 108.

*a tempo.*

*a tempo.*

*Giocondo.*

*Giocondo.*

Piano (Treble and Bass staves)

Violin I (R.H.)

Violin II

Cello

Double Bass

Dynamic markings: *f*, *mf*, *p*, *rit.*, *smorz. e rit.*

Pedal instructions: *Ped.*

# FRA DIAVOLO.

(Auber.)

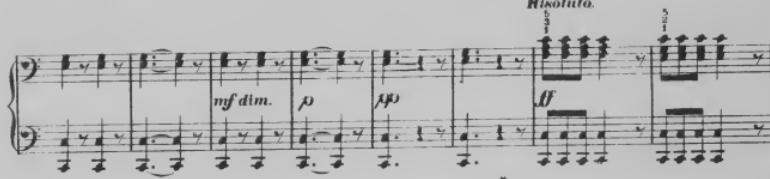
Carl Sidus Op.128.

Allegro  $\frac{2}{4}$  - 112



Ped.

Risoluto.



# FRA DIAVOLO.

(Auber.)

Carl Sidus Op.128.

*Allegro*  $\text{♩} = 112$

*Ped.*

*Risoluto.*

*mf* *dim.* *p* *p* *ff*

*ff*

*Allegretto* — 88.

## Secondo.

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Measure 11 starts with a dynamic 'p' (piano). The right hand plays eighth-note patterns with fingerings: 3, 5, 3, 5, 3, 5, 3, 5, 3, 5, 3, 5. The left hand provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. Measure 12 begins with a dynamic 'f' (forte). The right hand continues its eighth-note pattern with fingerings: 2, 4, 5, 2, 4, 5, 2, 4, 5, 2, 4, 5. The left hand supports with eighth-note chords.

A musical score for piano featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The score consists of six measures. Measures 1-3 show eighth-note patterns with various slurs and grace notes. Measure 4 begins with a dynamic instruction 'ff' (fortissimo) above the staff. Measures 5-6 continue the eighth-note patterns. Measure 5 ends with a dynamic instruction 'p' (pianissimo) above the staff.

A musical score for piano, showing measures 14 through 19. The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Measure 14 starts with a dynamic of  $\text{ff}$ . Measures 15 and 16 begin with dynamics of  $\text{f}$ . Measure 17 starts with a dynamic of  $\text{ff}$ . Measure 18 begins with a dynamic of  $\text{ff}$ . Measure 19 starts with a dynamic of  $\text{ff}$ . The score includes various performance instructions such as "misterioso.", "ff", "ff", "ff", and "ff". Measure 19 concludes with a dynamic of  $\text{ff}$ .

*Allegro* ♩. — 112.

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Measure 11 starts with a forte dynamic (ff) and includes fingerings 2, 1, 5, 2. Measure 12 begins with a piano dynamic (p). Both measures feature complex chords and eighth-note patterns.

Allegretto  $\text{d} = 88.$

Pefino.

*Allegro  $\text{d} = 112.$*

Secondo.

*Allegro*  $\text{d} = 144$ .

The sheet music consists of six staves of musical notation for a piano. The first staff shows a treble clef, common time, and a dynamic of *p*. The second staff shows a bass clef, common time, and a dynamic of *p*. The third staff shows a treble clef, common time, and a dynamic of *mf*. The fourth staff shows a bass clef, common time, and a dynamic of *f*. The fifth staff shows a treble clef, common time, and a dynamic of *p*. The sixth staff shows a bass clef, common time, and a dynamic of *p*. The music includes various rests, eighth and sixteenth note patterns, and a section labeled "Nec." at the end.

The image shows the second page of a piano duet score by Frédéric Chopin, specifically Opus 52, No. 1. The page contains five staves of musical notation for two pianos. The top staff begins with a dynamic of *ff*. The second staff starts with *mf*. The third staff has a dynamic of *f*. The fourth staff begins with *ff*, followed by *ff* again. The fifth staff starts with *f*. Various performance instructions are included, such as "Primo.", "Allegro", and "cren.". The music consists of complex chords and rhythmic patterns typical of Chopin's style.

The  
**Soldier's Home.**

*DES KRIEGERS HEIMATH.*

Charles Oberthür.

Allegro marziale      ♩ = 120.

Ped.      ♩

2. Was führt ihn zu ..... dem schönsten Ruhm, Wo man - cher And' - re zug - haft  
 1. Wünschst des Krie - gers Arm zu Kampf, Wo Tod mit al - len Schrecken  
 decisio -

1. What nerves the sol - dier's arm to fight, Tho' death his on - ly guer - don  
 2. What leads him un - to no - dier fame, Un - mov'd when oth - ers turn a -

2. weicht,  
 1. naht?  
 Was sich - ert ihm ein Hel - den - thum, Dem, reich an  
 Was hält ihn treu im Pul - ver - dampf, Der Feigheit

1. bel  
 2. side;  
 What keeps him faith - ful to the right, 'Mid wan - ton.  
 What makes him win a death - less name That men and

Ped.      ♩

2. Ehr' nichts And' - res gleicht!  
1. fern und dem Ver - rath!

O Hei - math du bist's, dein  
Er denkt an das Heim, dem

1. ness and treach - er - y!  
2. he - - roes own with pride!

Dear home of his youth, how  
Oh! home of his man - hood!

Ped.

\*

2. ist die Macht, Die ihn ge - spornt zur Kühnen That.

1. er jetzt fern, Es hält ihn auf dem Weg der Pflicht,

Für Weib und Kind hat

Es strahlt vor ihm ein

1. great thy pow'r To hold him still in vir - tue's ways!

What gives him strength in

2. 'tis thy pow'r Has moved to deeds be - yond com. pare.

For wife, for child, in

Ped.

\*

2. er's vollbracht! Glor - reich der Tod, der ihm ge - naht!

1. gold - ner Stern, Der Ju - gend Glück ver-gisst er nicht.

Für

Es

f

1. dan - ger's hour Is the mem'ry of his child - hood's days!

What

2. death's dark hour, He glo - ri - fies the name they bear.

For

Ped.

\*

2nd Verse.

2. Weib und Kind hat er's vollbracht! Glor - reich der Tod, der ihm ge-  
1. strahlt vor ihm ein gold - ner Stern, Der Ju - gend Glück ver - gisst

a tempo.

rit.

1. gives him strength in dan-gerk hour Is the mem'ry of his child - hoods  
2. wife, for child, in death's dark hour, He glo - ri - fies the name they

1. nicht. 1.

1. days!

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

2. naht! 2.

2. bear.

Ped. \* Ped. \*

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### SONGS—1882.

Let me Dream Again.....	A. Sullivan
O Thank me not.....	R. Franz
O wert thou but my own, love.....	F. Kuckert
Aw ay now Joyful Riding.....	F. Kuckert
It was a rose.....	G. Reichardt
The Rose of the Rose.....	G. Meyerbeer
Come, Dearest Fisher Maiden.....	F. W. Wolf
Peace, Peace to him that's gone.....	F. W. Wolf
My Little Darling.....	F. W. Wolf
What a lovely pair.....	F. W. Wolf
Those Evening Bells.....	F. W. Wolf
My Love Annie.....	G. B. Selby
Forever and Forever.....	J. M. North
The Blue Bell—Barcarolle.....	M. W. Balfe
Then You'll Remember me.....	J. M. North
Wedding Bells.....	J. R. Roekel
Embarrassments.....	Franz Lbt
Knot me to a heart.....	J. L. Arden
Kathleen Mavourneen.....	F. W. N. Crouch
Come again, days of bliss.....	G. Schleifgarth
March in Vienna.....	T. Taubert
I cannot say Good-bye.....	J. L. Arden
Loves Rejoining—Waltz Quat'-Partie.....	Dr. E. Voerster
I love but thee.....	August Waldauer
Why the Cows came late.....	E. B. Tower
Child of the Woods.....	E. B. Tower
Hark! Hark! the Lark—Serenade.....	F. Schubert
Through the Leaves—Serenade.....	F. Schubert

Total Songs. .... \$9.90

### PIANO DUETS—1882.

Philomel Polka.....	C. Kunkel
The First Ride.....	C. Sidus
Huzza Hurrah—Galop.....	H. Wallenkampf
La Sonnambula—Bilaccio.....	C. Kunkel
May Galop.....	C. T. Sisson
Zeta Phi March.....	J. L. Hickok
Skylark Polka.....	Chas. Dreyer
Concerto in Seven Bells.....	C. Kunkel
Norman Fantasia.....	Jean Paul
The Flirt—Polka Caprice.....	Jean Paul
Waco Waltz.....	C. T. Sisson
Shooting Meteor Galop.....	Jean Paul
Total Duets. ....	\$9.30
<i>Grand Total for Vol. 5. .... \$35.25</i>	

### PIANO SOLOS—1883.

The Zephyr and the Brook.....	J. Kunkel
Child's Prattle—Rondo.....	C. Sidus
On the Wings of Song—Waltz.....	E. Schubert
The Military March.....	R. Goldbeck
The Child's Dream.....	Schaaffer-Klein
Study No. 1, op. 170.....	J. B. Duvernoy
Study, op. 3.....	Schulman
The Huguenots—Fantasia.....	Jean Paul
Finale from B flat Symphony (Sidus).—Hoyda	
Studies.....	Schumann
Allegro.....	A. Loeschhorn
Study, No. 1.....	J. B. Cramer
Study—Tarentella.....	S. Heller
Study.....	A. Loeschhorn
Schubert—Polka de Concert.....	J. C. Albrecht Jr.
Maneuve Célibre, from Symphony in E flat.....	
(Sidus). ....	Mozart
Dance around the Christmas Tree.....	Schaaffer-Klein
Studie.....	H. Bertini
Study, No. 1, op. 120.....	J. B. Duvernoy
Study.....	J. B. Duvernoy
Five de l'Regiment—Fantasia.....	C. Sidus
Study, No. 2, op. 120.....	J. B. Duvernoy
Study, No. 2, op. 120, 2, op. 65.....	A. Loeschhorn
Study No. 3, Book 2, Etudes de la Velocité.—C. Czerny	
Novelle, No. 10.....	A. Loeschhorn
Vivace, from 7th Symphony (Sidus).—Beethoven	
Il Traviatore—Fantasia.....	C. Sidus
Study No. 3 and 4, op. 65.....	A. Loeschhorn
Study No. 5, op. 65.....	A. Loeschhorn
Marche des Adéphelines.....	J. T. Coley
Lucia di Lammermoor—Fantasia.....	C. Sidus
Amore, from Surprise Symphony (Sidus). ....	
Allegro from Symphony in E flat—Mozart	
(Sidus). ....	Mozart
Merry War—Fantasia.....	C. Sidus
Study No. 6, op. 120.....	J. B. Duvernoy
Study No. 7, op. 120.....	J. B. Duvernoy
Study No. 8, op. 120.....	J. B. Duvernoy
Allegro Moderato from unfinished Symphony in B minor (Sidus).—Schubert	
Heavenly Voices—Nocturne.....	E. B. Tower

### PIANO SOLOS—1883.

Study No. 9, op. 120.....	J. B. Duvernoy
Fra Diavolo—Fantasia.....	C. Sidus
Les Fées—Marurka.....	R. Trenerry
Study No. 10, op. 120.....	S. B. Duvernoy
Faust—Fantasia.....	C. Sidus
Scherzo from 6th Symphony (Sidus).—Beethoven	
Forget me not—Nocturne, op. 15. ....	G. Chopin
Stella Grand Waltz.....	G. Satter
Study No. 11, op. 120.....	J. B. Duvernoy
Study No. 12, op. 120.....	J. B. Duvernoy
I Puritani—Fantasia .....	C. Sidus
Andante from 5th Symphony (Sidus).—Beethoven	
Fluttering Butterflies—Caprice. ....	H. A. Amuth
Scherzo from Reformation—Symphony (Sidus). ....	Mendelssohn
Bohemian—Fantasia.....	C. Sidus
Star Night—Polka—Marurka.....	C. J. Wetzel
Study No. 13, op. 120.....	J. B. Duvernoy
Supplication.....	C. Kunkel
Christmas Chimes.....	Rise King
Madame—Fantasia.....	C. Kunkel
Spinneried—Fantasia.....	H. Lotte
Leontina March, from Leonora Symphony—	
Willow Wind (Impression).—P. Chabrier	Reff
Home Sweet Home—Variations. ....	K. H. Green
Pansy Waltz.....	M. McCabe
Lilac Polka.....	C. Sidus
Study No. 15, op. 120.....	J. B. Duvernoy
Rigollette—Fantasia.....	C. Sidus
Total Piano Solos. ....	\$30.00

### SONGS—1883.

God is a Spirit—Sacred.....	W. S. Bennett
Isis alone can—Sacred.....	C. Ricieg
When I'm call'd—Sacred.....	A. D. Thompson
I cannot sing the old songs.....	C. Claridge
Rose of Love—Serenade.....	F. P. Tamburelli
We meet above.....	L. Liebe
My Lady Sleeps.....	E. R. Kroeger
The Paper's Lament.....	G. E. Jones
Snow Day.....	M. Wellings
Such a Believe Me—Romance.....	C. Moore
When I breathe thy name.....	P. Henrion
The Stolen Kiss....	M. I. Epstein
Sleep thou my child.....	J. D. Fenton
I don't know the reason why.....	E. R. Kroeger
So much between us.....	E. R. Kroeger
The Penitent's Prayer (Sacred). ....	C. Kunkel
You See Mamma.....	F. P. Toss
When I'm call'd—Sacred Waltz.....	A. D. Thompson
Moorish Serenade.....	E. R. Kroeger
Love's Morning Message.....	Franz Alt
Come to the Dance.....	P. Henrion
Amore, from Surprise Symphony (Sidus). ....	Lily Lang
Three Fishers.....	C. Kunkel
Tick, Tack, Cuckoo, Tick, Tack!....	C. Kunkel
Love calls my soul.....	Fr. E. Voerster

Total Songs. .... \$10.95

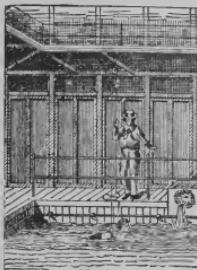
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steed passed by me like a flash. Her beauty was such that I longed to get another glimpse of her and, with that end in view, urged my horse to its utmost speed, but in vain. The shades of night were falling, when I put up my horse in Galesburg. It was soon the hour for the concert to begin. A solo singer had been engaged on the stage and just before the performance began I peeped through a small opening in the curtain and was astonished to see, upon one of the front seats, the maiden I had been seeking. She was a perfect type of briarite beauty, about eighteen years of age. I asked one of the vocalists that stood near me who the young lady was, but he told me she had thought of everybody for miles around, he confessed he had never seen her. The performance began and I soon noticed that my most attentive and apparently most intelligent audience was the beautiful stranger. One of my numbers was a beautiful nocturne, which the dark eyes of the briarite unknown, impelled me to play with, I find, more than usual skill. At the close of the number I played Schumann's "Träumerei." The programme was rather long, but even country concerts come to an end. One of the members of the committee paid me a visit from just across the river to the Gipsies whom I had seen on the road. Not fancying going through the gipsy camp in the dead of night, I inquired of the committee whether they had any place where I could sleep for the night. He assured me there was not, unless I made an immense circuit and that the chances were that if I attempted it I should land in some ditch, or drown myself in the river. I then asked him to return the way I had come. After traveling some time the glow of two or three smouldering fires told me that we were approaching the gipsy spot. Presently they returned and I could see that they had a light which was brought into close proximity to the tent. There was a female gipsy there. "She is he!" Still blindfolded, I was led some distance away and the blindfold was removed from my eyes. I found myself in a rather capacious tent, lighted with many tapers, and surrounded by a crowd of Gipsies, who seemed to obey the commands of the woman who had said "it is he," and whom, as so many eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, I could not recognize. There was the woman who had been my most attentive listener a few hours before. In one corner of the tent, a magnificent Chickering Grand stood open and, pointing to it, she said, "Play what you will, but when shall I play?" I inquired. "Play what you played at the concert to-night," she replied. Sitting down to the piano, I played the Chopin selection to a weird and wild accompaniment, and then, as I was possessed not only of remarkable technique, but of poetic feeling and musical taste. These said, "Please play 'Träumerei.' I compiled, of course, and did not know better than to play it before or after it was played it once. I quite forgot, in the enthusiasm of the moment, that I was a captive. When I had done, however, she spoke and told me I had done well, and that she would now let me return home unharmed. Again I was blindfolded, the gipsy herself acting as one of my guides. Presently I heard her say something to her mother or sister, who was also present. A few steps farther, she stopped and removing the handkerchief that had blindfolded me she said: "This is your horse and there is your road," and then, as I was about to start, she said, speaking low, as if she feared to be overheard should others hear: "Your playing has saved your life." I was about to reply when I was rudely shaken and a voice that sounded strange and familiar said, "Get up, it's breakfast time!" and looking up, I saw that the good old Gipsy, but my good mother who had become over anxious at my too prolonged nap.

Presently I was again blindfolded and began counting balls and strikes and for the time forgot all about imaginary Gipsies. If our readers think the finish of the story spoils it, they will have to blame it upon Epten, for we give it just as it came from his lips, without attempt at amplification or improvement.

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I am Gunhilda,  
I am Gunhilda,  
Blegun Bledungs;  
I am Gunhilda,  
Son of the Norstrand,  
I am his daughter,  
I am Gunhilda,  
Boots I'm a lesser,  
I am Gunhilda,  
And when I holler  
I am accompanied  
Seventeen trombones,  
Twenty bassoons,  
Twenty fifes,  
Four pairs of cymbals,  
Four pairs of timpanies,  
Two double-hausers,  
I am Gunhilda,  
And an oboe;  
And you may take my  
That I can get a  
Total cahabone,  
I am Gunhilda,  
Woman from Wayback,  
I am Gunhilda,  
Lit my orchestra,  
Teeling tumultuous,  
I am Gunhilda,  
I am Gunhilda,  
Daughter of Blegun,  
Blegun the son,  
Blegun the father,  
Son of the Norstrand.

—Puck.

My brethren bear in mind that the advertisement which read, "Summer boarders taken in," mean all that they say — Old City Derrick.

A hairy young man picked up a flower in a half-bush after all the girls had gone, and sang pathetically: "It's the last rose of some her."

A MAGAISTRE CHOUX consoled a man who complained that his wife had left him. "I'm sorry to see him," he remarked, "but the remark that it was very lucky for him."

"I'm a man of few words," said Jones during a quarrel with Brown. "What?" was the reply. "Your wife won't understand you if you have none."

JULIA WARD HOWE says, "Poor people cannot be kept out of good society." No, but they can be made most awfully uncomfortable.

"Yes, indeed, she's a daisy," remarked a young broker, discussing the charms of a certain young lady. "She does you, apparently," replied his friend. "I'm sorry Mr. Snaggs the wronged wife by mistake and so dirty. He's the second good customer I've robed myself of in that way this year."

A YOUNG pianist says he "always closes his eyes when he plays." "That's a good idea," says Mrs. Snaggs. "They always close their eyes when they play — *Norstrand Herd*."

Mrs. Snaggs has hair that sweeps the floor. Now, if this Miles had hair that could cook, wash and iron and milk cows, what a housewife would be a wife.—*Brook Times*.

Did you give Johny the medicine, Mrs. Brown?" asked the doctor. "Oh, yes, doctor," replied the lovelorn mother, "but he got it innocently, and it doesn't seem to have done him the least harm."

When you now salute a New York man who is a good morning person, in Righteous tones, it may be a good morning and it may not! If I am in the hands of thy counsel and can say nothing."

"Don't I look nice?" said Miss F. "I've got a full plumper." "Indeed you do, in Righteous tones," said Moody. "I am great morning and it may not!" If I am in the hands of thy counsel and can say more interest ed."

"Where have you got the plaster on?" — *Evening Post*.

ABOUT \$60,000 represent the expenditures of base ball during the season just closed. If Moody and Sankey had thought out a scheme to reduce that expense, what a howl would it have引起 some people!"

SYDNEY SMITH said to a friend of his—who never agreed with anybody—at what was about embarking for New Zealand: "I am going to New Zealand, and then thinking he must show himself a fool." "I am going to New Zealand, and then thinking he must show himself a fool."

"DICKEN," said a man to his physician, who had just presented him with a bill for \$100. "I am not in the receipt of it." "I have not much ready money. Will you take this out in trade?"

"I will," cheerfully answered the doctor. "I think we can arrange that—but what is your business?"

"I am a concert player," was the startling reply.

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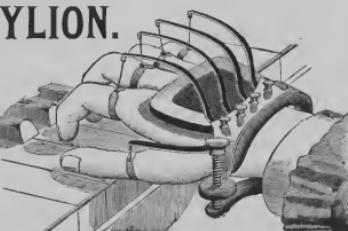
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A CHICAGO man who called upon a musical friend the other evening at supper-time was warmly welcomed, because he had a tuning-fork which he said gave a sonata. He said he hoped that he smelled it as he came over.

A YANKEE editor says: If the party who plays the accordion in this vicinity at night, will only change his time occasionally, he will be a great success. He has so much fun, on, be we will hear something to his advantage.

A YOUNG man who played his first game of base ball last week, was so successful that he got up on his hip and glued his ear together with court-plaster that he might hear his engine has steam on.

"I am not very tall," said the hotel keeper, "but my wife has a very long neck."

"Yes. And lighter complexioned, was she not?" "Yes. Besides, she is now in the same one."

The use of the editor's neck is largely prevalent in the West, as will be seen from a remark in Tennessee paper: "To escape the hog cholera this season, there will be a large surplus of necks in the market." Prey, what is the avodupol of the editor? —Chicago Sun.

Court (to prosecutor):—"Now then you recognize that bandkerchief I am wearing?" "Yes, sir, I do," said the prosecutor. "Prosecutor—"Your Honor." Court—"And yet it isn't the bandkerchief of the sort in the world. See, one I have in my pocket, it is like this." "Very likely," Your Honor. "I had two stoles." —Keeney Gazette.

The unlikelihood of a barker's call when announcing a wedding is proved. The other day, however, one called to announce a wedding. "What wedding?" asked the bridegroom. "The wedding of your father," replied the barker.

"A SNOWMAN makes a two-foot hole," —Chicago Sun. First intimation we ever had of the snowman's power. We thought they measured her foot only. But why shouldn't the snowman play a great part in winter? When he measures for a pair of shoes—one for each foot? When he wants to measure a Chicago girl's foot, they take a surveyor's chain and a double line.—South & West.

### A MUSICAL SPIDER.

**P**ERHAPS GREAT many years ago, a prisoner of state, who was allowed to cheer the soldiers in their dungeon by playing on his flute, discovered after a while that, every time he would play, a great number of spiders gathered about him. Since then the idea of spiders for music has been proved. I myself had often wished to play for a spider audience, but had not well known acquainted with any musical instrument to offer.

A scientific gentleman of Europe gave me a valuable hint by an experiment of his own. He used a tuning-fork. Now, I can play a tuning-fork as well as anybody. I procure a handspike, and when I am sought out a spider, I find a handsome, branching web, and though I did not see Mistress Epeira, I have often seen a great many spiders in a full new web, though most of them are garden spiders. It is she who makes those beautiful, silken webs which fasten the rose bushes and trees.

As I know, however, she was not in her gossamer parlor, which is attached to her web. Here was a good chance to try tuning-fork music. I tapped the fork on a stone, and in a moment a spider came out of her web, and touched one of the spokes of the web with the fork. On the instant, Madame flew out of her parlor in great haste, headed a moment at the outer edge of the web, then turned back again, going straight to the tuning-fork, ran to the very center of the web.

When there she quickly caught hold of each of the spokes, one after the other, and gave it a little tug, till the tuning-fork had stopped, and see if a fish is hooked. Each was hung up until she had the spoke upon which the hummin fork rested. There she stopped, and it was easy to see that she was excited, and she gave the whole a shake; then lowered at the spoke again. However, "still sang" the fork, rather faintly now, however.

Madame was satisfied. Her mind was made up. Down the darted, and caught the end of the fork in her arms. At the same time she spun a web around, and at the same time she spun a web of silk around and around the two prongs, which took the fork for the buzz of a fly—a sort of music no doubt very sweet to her.

At another time I repeated the experiment with the fork, touching in turn each spoke of the web, and each time Madame was deluded into trying to capture the tuning-fork. It was odd that she did not learn wisdom by repeated disappointment.—St. Nicholas.

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We have received a beautiful picture of the Southern Exposition, which opens at Louisville, Ky., Aug. 16th, and continues until Sept. 1st. It is a large building, which is one of the largest Exposition buildings ever erected. It covers thirteen acres of ground, and will be lighted throughout by gas.

Tarax is no end of wonders. Miss Clara Brinkerhoff informed the M. T. N. A. that pure tone "can be obtained only by the vibration of the vocal chords, and that tone is the voice of the abdomen; the sound operating naturally on the diaphragm and abdominal muscles, thus setting in motion the whole body, and giving it a rhythmic motion."

The Harp that once through Tara bore the soul of music itself is still in existence, says the *Leader*, and was recently presented to the Boston Exposition by Mrs. C. C. Moore, by the citizens of Boston. It is a very large instrument, and when it was first exhibited in Boston it disappeared into space, whether it reached the "Hub," or fell into our next neighbor's back yard, we cannot tell—what we do know is that the young couple much of smoke and little of shadow.

The London *Figure* says: Mr. Maurice Sterckx has decided to play the rôle of the King of the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which each to Gounod, Verdi and Macdonald for new operas in the Faust-Trovatore-Juno style, is to be produced at the Royal Opera House, New York. He intends to devote the whole of the profits of the season to a charitable object, and to give a portion of the individual for whom he has the highest regard in de vor.

Oscar BOLLMAN, of the firm of Hollman Brothers, St. Louis, agent for the *Metropolitan*, got a good part of his pay when he expected a *Alceste*, but he got a *Mädchen* instead. It arrived in good order, and on time, in the old reliable St. Louis line, which is not to be despised. The girl was reported to have a powerful tone and when it has been regulated a little will doubtless be a success. New York. He intends to devote the whole of the profits of the season to a charitable object, and to give a portion of the individual for whom he has the highest regard in de vor.

Hollman & Sons have removed their main business to the pleasant little town of Hollman Brothers on Olive Street. This move, which again brings the entire family into the same house, was made in order to give the players more room, as the present house are far superior to those lately occupied by the music publishing house on Broadway, but also by the fact that the new house is situated on a quiet street, and is reported to have a powerful tone and when it has been regulated a little will doubtless be a success. New York. He intends to devote the whole of the profits of the season to a charitable object, and to give a portion of the individual for whom he has the highest regard in de vor.

The Fall term of the Beethoven Conservatory will open on Sept 1st, with a full complement of teachers of ability and a large number of students. We hope to give a great deal more space than we can spare at present to give an adequate description of the school. We hope to receive applications to those who are about to go to a good Conservatory to send to Mr. August Wadsworth, 1060 Avenue Street, St. Louis, for one or more of the best conservatories in the country. We have given classes for young India under Mr. Wadsworth's personal supervision.

One notice that Mr. Sherwood is playing a "Muscript composition" of the only American composer, Fleischbein. We fear that we may have been misinformed, when these last words were written, as we have not yet seen any copy of three of Mr. Fleischbein's compositions for sale; for, so far, our only information is that they are to be published by one of them, and it seems that Eastern publishers take no stock in Mr. Fleischbein's compositions, which therefore remain in manuscript. We hope that the publisher of these compositions referred to meant just what it said. The compositions we spoke of are to be sold at a price of \$1.00 each, and at a very advanced price. Publishers will please not all speak at once.

One of the requirements for a good conductor, "says the London *World*," is that he be able well to read the orchestral score, and that he be able to conduct it. He must be able to lead his own work. But, on the other hand, he is likely to get excited over it, whereas he might remain more collected and judicious if he had conductors like Hindemith and Berlin, who conducted their own works as well as those of others. In this connection, we are reminded of the old beer-beer, Beethoven, especially the latter conducted their works in a manner that was not to be imitated. We are not quite so anxious certain that a great musician is a great conductor even of his own works. Beethoven used to crack down when a passage was to be played forte, and when it came he would beat time furiously when the fortissimo came in. So did he when accompanying on the piano. He could not exactly spoil his own Adagio, sung by Tietz, the Hoffmannsanger, by covering his voice with the accompaniment."

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CONSIDERABLE interest has been manifested by our leading pianists and the musical profession in general in two inventions recently introduced into the market. These are new weeks, and the opinion seems to prevail that these inventions now represent the latest development in the art of piano playing, and will be the next great grand. One patent consists of a grand action and a movable key-board for the production of soft and sustained notes. The other is a system of strings in a ingenious arrangement that removes the strain of the strings from the frame of the instrument, and so permits them to move between brass bearings that can never vary. It has been demonstrated by experts that a piano in which this latter system is used will play the same note at the same time after twenty years of use that it has when it leaves the factory. Both of these inventions are the result of much labor and research, and will use them exclusively on pianos of their own manufacture. Persons or others who are interested in the advancement of musical instruments can get the greatest value of these improvements at thewarehouses of W. W. Kimball Co., Chicago.

A more fragrant instance of unlimited and bare-faced check says a well-known New York journal, cannot be found than that of the "Musical Review," which, though it claims a circulation of over ten thousand, does not print a regular edition of more than 300 (nine hundred and sixty copies) a week, and which, in addition, prints 1000 extra copies, press lists, dead heads and stock in hand.

So far as the author of the "Review" is concerned, who will be remembered as the first writer of the "Course." It came from his heart, and the hand of Messrs. Blumenberg and Schermer, Mr. Nickerson, told him that he had just come from the printing house of the "Review" with a copy of the "Course" in his pocket about four or five months ago. Mr. Nickerson's statement has since been corroborated.

No paper which claims a circulation of over ten thousand and a week while it only prints 300 copies is a deliberate fraud on the public. And the author of the "Review" and his co-conspirators will convince any impartial observer that the number of persons who can pay for a weekly newspaper is a sheet of paper must necessarily be exceedingly limited.

It consists of sixteen pages—seven of them are advertisements, and nine of them are articles. There are no stories every week. About three pages are devoted to the trade—the rest of the paper is composed of articles, mostly of those that happen to be offensive to the clique that controls the paper.

This leaves a little over four pages to be devoted to general news, articles, etc.

A week ago it was taken up each week by an ailing idiot who signs himself "Recoverer." Another page is generally devoted to a bad translation of some long-winded article, "The Corresponding Fifths in the Mendelssohnian Period," or other equally uninteresting subject.

With the exception of the "Review," no paper in town can get rid of even so large a number as 300 copies." We are reliably informed that the "Course" also subscription list of the "Review" is not less than 1000. In fact, 300 copies is two copies, one a dead-head, the other believed to be

### DEATH OF VICTOR MASSE.

**F**ELIX MARIE VICTOR MASSE, the celebrated French composer, died at Paris, June 10, 1884.

Masse was born at L'Orient, May 17, 1822. He received his musical education at the Paris Conservatory, of which he was a graduate in 1844, carrying off the principal prize for musical composition. He composed various romances and melodies upon his return to France, and produced a comic opera in one act, "La Chanteuse Volante," in 1845.

His later works are "Les Noces de Jeannette," 1853; "Miss Fortune," 1855; "Les Salomons," 1856; "Topaze," 1857; "Le Féru," 1859; "Le Dernier Couplet," 1861, and "Le Fils des Brigades," 1867.

Masse, who was director of the chorus of the opera, was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and in 1863 received a pension. He was appointed Professor of Composition in the Conservatory in 1866, succeeded M. Leborne.

In 1871 he was made a member of the Académie Fine Arts, and in 1874 a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. In 1880 he was appointed to the Royal Academy of Belgium, to succeed Félicien David. That same year he was promoted to be an Officer of the Legion of Honor. In 1883 he brought out "La Muette d'Orléans" on the stage of the Grand Opera, at which establishment he acted as chef d'orchestre. After his debut on the greatest of Parisian stages, Masse was not idle, and in 1884 he produced a comedy which was found in an opera afterward introduced to London. "Paul et Virginie" was brought out at the Lyrique, and under the direction of M. Albert Vignot, on November 15, 1884, with Mlle. C. Ritter, Madame Engall, M. Capoul, M. Melchissédec and M. Bouhy, in the principal characters. M. Masse must not be confounded with M. Massenet, his son, who also composed an opera, whose opera "Héroïdate," recently caused so much discussion among European critics. Massenet is yet a comparatively young man, and will doubtless write more than one opera before Charon ferries him over the Styx.

The erection of monuments to musicians, both living and dead, says the *Musical Times*, of London, is again the order of the day. Ward, a native of the city, has had a statue of himself made, and will show it at his studio until October. In the park of his friend, Cardinal Hohenlohe, at Schleissheim, he has caused a pedestal to erect a statue at Brussels to the late M. Fétis, the Belgian musical friend and founder of the Brussels Conservatoire.

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*Smith—I have not seen you, I believe, since we got back from our vacation.*

*Jones—We've not been out much since. You know, I rather expected to come back with a title of some sort, but the American people are so poor, and the song of my neighbors knew it somehow, and—well I thought I'd rather not meet them.*

*Smith—What put it into your head that you could get a title?*

*Jones—That confounded Musical Review! Musical Review! What a mutual admiration society, and I thought there was as much to admire about me as about any one else. When I got there, there was not enough admiration to go around.*

*Smith—but really what did you expect; you know, you never hear of any one getting a title.*

*Jones—Well, I expected at least the titles of M. M. A. and the like.*

*Smith—Why, Jones, do you play the ophicleide?*

*Jones—No, but I once heard a fellow give a description of one, and he said it was a most wonderful instrument, and musical work does not deserve recognition at the hands of the critics. I am not a critic, but I am a follower of Prof. of Harmony because he wrote down and published what another man had to say about it!*

*Smith—But you are a critic, so you are completely disgusted.*

*Jones—Yes sir, I am and you are, so are all those who were present and who were left out in the organization of the great college. They say it's a college of three on each corner, and they were very pleased with it, and kept it open to the public.*

*Smith—That's the title of others—not yours.*

*Jones—That's what it is anyhow, since the privates have all deserted.*

*Smith—There's the *Musical Review* man; he'll be asking us some fool questions about our trip—Let's skip!*

## FAUST.

**F**OR the legendary hero of Goethe's masterpiece, the time has come, but Tony Faust, called Tony, by his parents prophetically as being destined to keep the most "tony" oyster house and saloon in St. Louis, and one of the most popular in the city.

Tony has left at his old tricks again.

Others have left well enough alone—not he—he has been again putting on the most expensive paper hangings, drawing room furniture, piano, lamp, and generally renovating his place until it looks not like a stranger but like an old friend in a new dress. With the coming of the warm weather, his "Southern Terrace," a long hanging porch, is crowded with the "worn and hours" with those who seek coolness with social converse and first class refreshments.

The cut of Faust's establishment on the outside of his corner house is an unexpected idea of the size of the terrace which covers nearly one-quarter of a block, and cannot, of course, convey any proper conception of the scene, with its artificial waterfall, its little grottoes, its bowsers, its sun-jets for shells and stamens, scattered here and there among the living plants, its festoons of colored lights, which are rather ornaments than lights, since the electric light cases are not yet in vogue. It is difficult to imagine that there is no cheap music to attract the rabble and torment the ears of those who know a chord from a discord, the toilettes and many character of the ladies who are finding the impersonal charms of society excluded if they dare appear, have no hesitancy in visiting the place, and you have a scene of comfort and innocent enjoyment which one would hardly expect far from home. It should be so fashionable and popular a resort. As to the character of the edibles, it was their fine quality that compelled Tony to open his "Fulton Market" which now furnishes the tables of all our epicures with their principal delicacies.

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